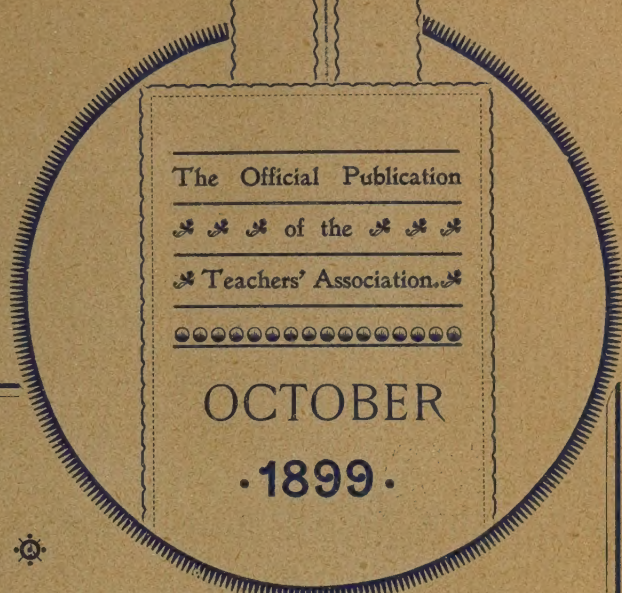


1899

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OCTOBER
1899.

THE RICHMOND MAGAZINE

E. BERTRAM SANBORN,
Editor and
Publisher,
Rosebank, S. I.



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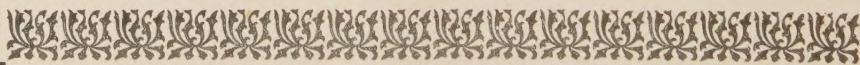
FOR JUSTICE,

First Municipal Court District,

Borough of Richmond,

John J. Kenney,

OF CASTLETON.



THE RICHMOND MAGAZINE.

An Illustrated Publication, Issued Monthly, Devoted to the People of the Borough
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RICHMOND'S FAVORITE SONS.

There has never been in the political history of Staten Island such interest shown in an election as during the present campaign. For generations it has been the general policy of the two great parties through the country to name as candidates men well advanced in years, but within the last ten

years a decided change in this respect became apparent.

The younger element demanded recognition of the party leaders, and it has been conclusively proven that the characteristics that are necessary to make a good public official are as frequently found in the young man of to-day as that shown by the men selected in years gone by to lead their parties to success at the polls.

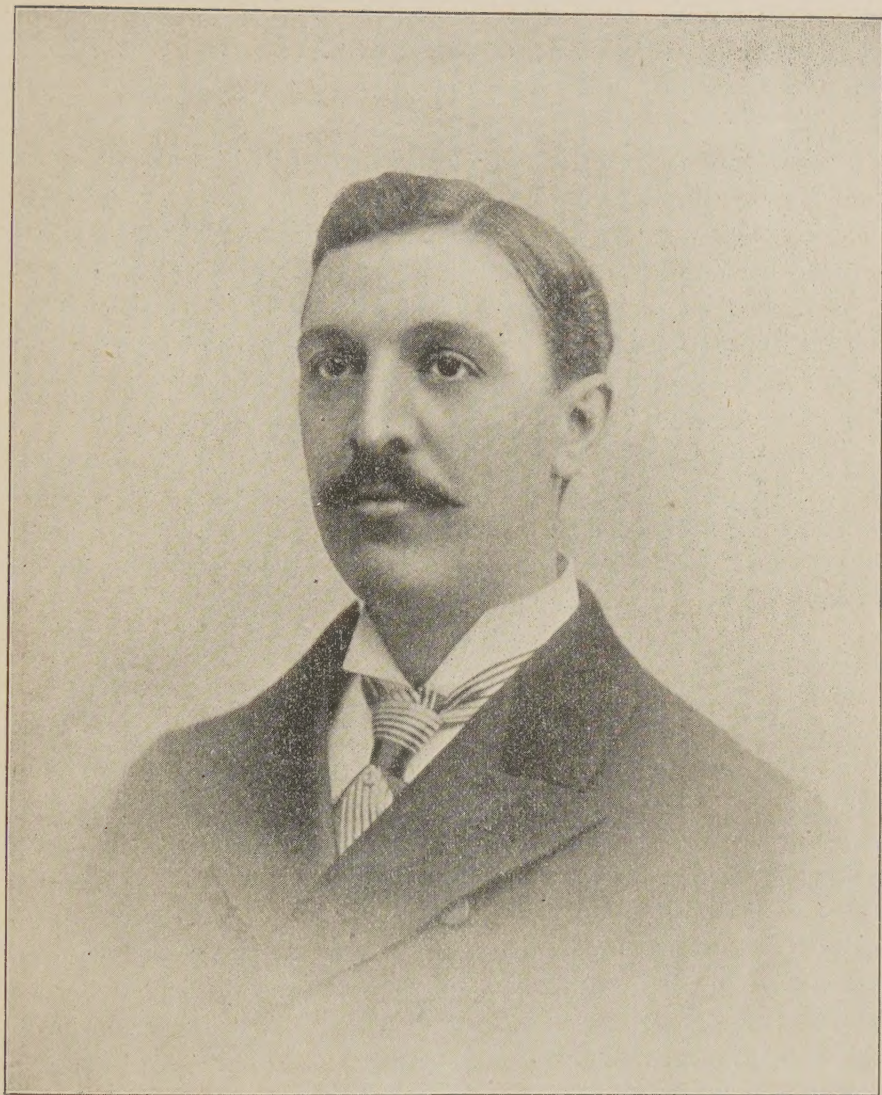
The Democratic party was ready to give the people what they desired, and decided to place practically the younger element in the front, and, at their convention named the following ticket: Edward M. Muller for County Clerk; George Metcalfe for Member of Assembly; John J. Vaughan, Jr. for Alderman; John J. Kenney and George W. Stake, Jr. for Justices of the Municipal Court, and again renominated Richmond County's old favorite, Stephen D. Stephen, as County Judge and Surrogate.

Could there be a better ticket named? Each and every man possesses sterling qualifications and the people will unquestionably show their appreciation for the candidates for public office as well as for the principles of the party they so well represent by giving them an overwhelming majority on election day.

Hon. Edward M. Muller.

In the great metropolis of the Western Hemisphere, the City of New York, on January 28th, 1864, was born the most popular man that the County of Richmond has ever had. A man that the people could always claim as their own, simply because he was ever ready to serve them. How many kindnesses he has rendered to the people of Sta'en Island, he and He who rules over the destiny of mankind, alone know, his name is Edward M. Muller.

Mr. Muller secured his education at the public schools and afterward graduated from the College of the City of New York with honors. He entered the office of his father and had instilled into him the well-known business characteristics that made Nicholas Muller the successful man that he is to-day. Following in the footsteps of Congressman Muller



HON. EDWARD M. MULLER.

he took an interest in politics and in 1892 was elected Sheriff of the County of Richmond. Mr. Muller made a most efficient official, introducing a new system of bookkeeping for the Sheriff's office that was thought so well of by his Republican successor as to be adopted by him. In 1895 Mr. Muller returned to private life after making a record of which any man of his years, or even older, might well feel proud.

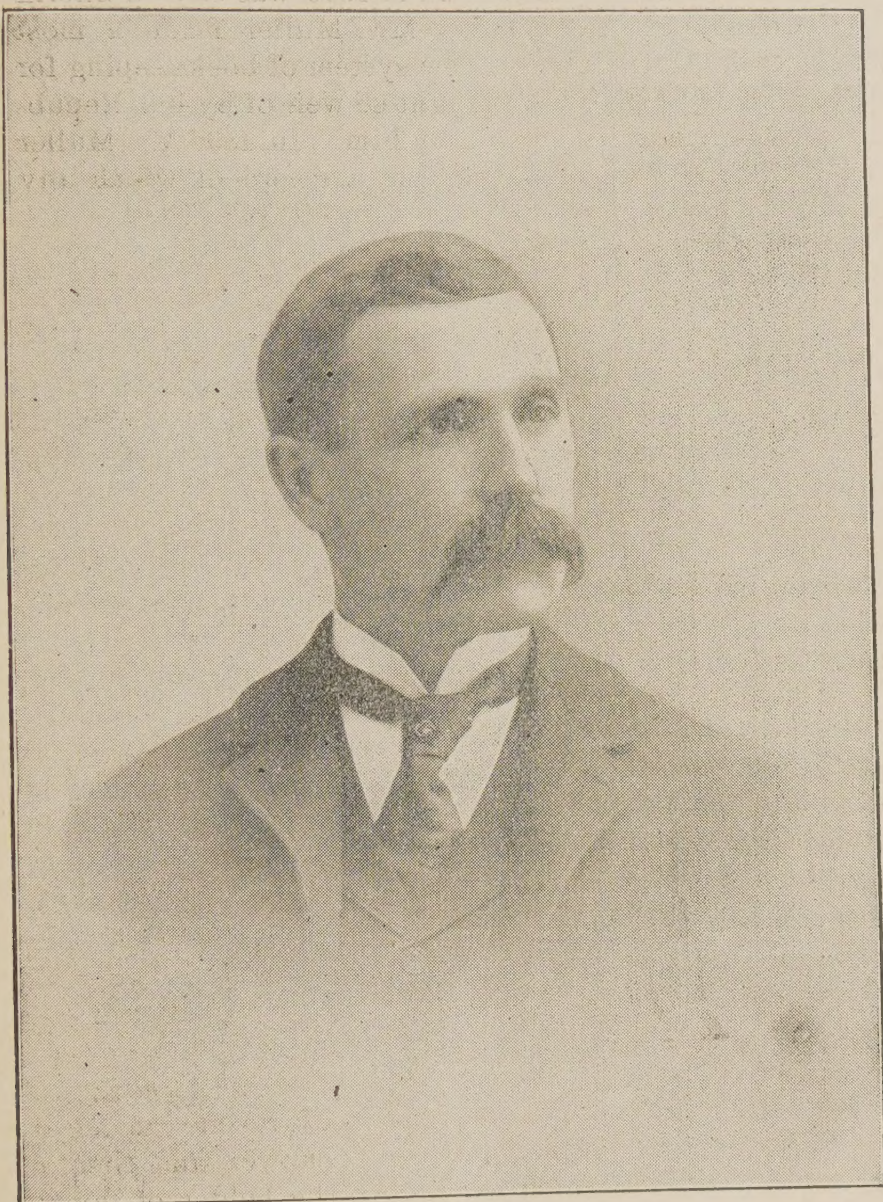
Since Staten Island was merged into the Greater New York Mr. Muller has devoted the most of his time securing work for the unemployed. His legion of friends insisted that he should accept the nomination this year for County Clerk.

Mr. Muller is a member of Wendell's Battery of the National Guard. He entered the guard as a private and was but recently chosen to be the second lieutenant by the unanimous vote of his comrades.

Edward M. Muller has assisted hundreds in securing work. He has always been a dutiful son, always a loyal friend, a typical American citizen. A man that any community may well feel honored to give any position in its power to give.

Hon. John J. Kenney.

Is there any part of Staten Island that is inhabited that has not heard of the name of John J. Kenney? For years past mothers have made John Kenney the example for their children to copy. From a poor boy to become a judge in a large and influential community is a long step. The many hardships and tribulations that John Kenney had to go through before becoming the successful man he is to-day he alone knows. But that he is a success in life no one can deny. A poor boy, a country school teacher, a lawyer, and then a judge are the steps by which he climbed the ladder of fame. John J. Kenney started in life as a school teacher in School No. 4, Tompkinsville, now No. 16. He then decided to study law and entered the office of Judge Westervelt. He was for nine years the Village Clerk of New Brighton, and served two terms as School Commissioner. He practiced law with



HON. JOHN J. KENNEY.

great success for a number of years and was appointed Civil Justice by Mayor Van Wyck, the duties of which office he has discharged with marked ability. Judge Kenney is, indeed, fortunate, not alone for his estimable standing in the community, but also for his charming home and family.

George Metcalfe, the nominee for the Assembly is a member of Southfield's oldest families. He is a bright, affable gentleman, and one who will make an excellent representative from Richmond in the Assembly.

George W. Stake, Jr., of Middletown, who is the Democratic candidate for Justice of the Second Municipal Court District, is one of the best known young lawyers in the County of Richmond. Mr. Stake is a decidedly popular man, and will be elected Justice by a large majority.

John J. Vaughan, Jr., the Democratic nominee for Alderman, has hosts of friends on Staten Island. Mr. Vaughan deserves to be re-elected Alderman, as his record during his first term of office could not well be improved upon.

Hon. Stephen D. Stephens is known to the people of Staten Island as a Judge whose record cannot be excelled in any State in the Union. Judge Stephens had the honor of receiving both the Democratic and Republican nominations this year for County Judge and Surrogate. This fact alone proves conclusively Judge Stephens standing in the community.

E. BERTRAM SANBORN.

A STATEN ISLAND AUTUMN.

I love to wander through the woodlands hoary,
In the soft gloom of an Autumnal day
When Summer gathers up her robes of glory.
And, like a dream of beauty, glides away.

How through each loved, familiar path she lingers,
Serenely smiling through the golden mist,
Tinting the wild grapes with her dewy fingers,
Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst.

Kindling the faint stars of the hazel, shining
To light the gloom of Autumn's mouldering halls,
With hoary plumes the clematis entwining,
Where o'er the rock her withered garland falls.

Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning;
Beneath dark clouds along the horizon rolled,
Till the slant sunbeams through their fingers running,
Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold.

The moist winds breathe of crisped leaves and flowers,
In damp hollows of the woodlands sown,
Mingling the freshness of Autumnal showers,
With spicy airs from cedarn alleys blown.

Beside the brook and on the umbered meadow
Where yellow fern-tufts fleck the faded ground,
With folded lids beneath their palmy shadow,
The gentian nods, in dewy slumbers bound.

Upon those soft, fringed lids the bee sits brooding,
Like a fond lover, loth to say farewell,
Or, with shut wings, through silken folds intruding.
Creeps near her heart his drowsy tale to tell.

The little birds upon the hillside lonely,
Flit noiselessly along from spray to spray,
Silent as a sweet, wandering thought, that only
Shows its bright wings and softly glides away.

The scentless flowers in the warm sunlight dreaming,
Forget to breathe their fullness of delight,
And through the tranced woods soft airs are streaming,
Still as the dew-fall on a Summer night.

So, in the heart, a sweet unwonted feeling
Stirs, like the wind in ocean's hollow shell,
Through all its secret chambers sadly stealing,
Yet finds no word in mystic charm to tell.

IRA K. MORRIS.

WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN.

The raw drizzling afternoon was gloomy indeed, as Mrs. Carew, tightened buttoned in her fur jacket, used the masculine privilege of a pass-key at the door of the Hencluck Club. That it was a woman's club was evident as Mrs. Carew passed into the spacious rooms where curtains were already drawn, and silk-shaded lamps alight. The air was heavy with perfume from flower-banked mantels and with the aroma of cups of Russian tea. Three hundred richly gowned women sat about on bamboo chairs. Excitement glittered in their eyes, bonnet strings were loosened, and as Mrs. Carew entered, several eager voices simultaneously clamored for recognition by "the Chair."

The Chair—a stalwart dame in a black dress and a bonnet from which a crimson poppy drooped upon her white hair—nodded permission to Mrs. Carew's next neighbor.

"Mrs. Bright has the floor. Ladies! Mrs. Bright has the floor! This is our social afternoon. Too much time has already been spent in informal debate on the Amendment of a Rule of our Constitution; our invited guests and the professionals who fill to-day's programme are waiting. Kindly be brief, Mrs. Bright."

A small woman sprang up, eager to seize the opportunity of speech, so hardly won for her.

"Mrs. President! I desire to protest against the new reading of the rule that 'No professional artist shall be remunerated for services rendered to the Hencluck Club.' The Amendment proposes that remuneration shall be given to men of great achievement. I say this is contrary to the spirit of women's clubs. If we favor any artists or entertainers, let it be the women who have achieved, not the men. Let us, as women, stand by

women, especially by those who are at work in the world!"

As the small woman sat down, breathless, Mrs. Carew caught the eye of the Chair.

"A moment, Mrs. President! Has this Club ever reflected upon the rule of our Constitution, now under consideration? Do we realize that by its words we are placed in the attitude of a charity organization? Once every month, we beg the most notable professionals within our range to come and entertain or instruct us for two hours, offering them in return a vote of thanks and a cup of tea. They donate to us—the Club being unwilling to pay, as does the general public—that skill of brain, voice, or hand, for which they themselves have given a heavy price in years of labor as well as in money. If we are a club of mendicants, these rooms, these flowers, our very garments, are a lie! We cannot get these luxuries without giving compensation; why then do we refuse to pay for our higher pleasures? We would blush to take advantage of the good nature of successful artists and of the struggling efforts of those, who are yet at the foot of the ladder!"

Mrs. Carew sat down, but before the whispered comments found other voice than an anonymous whisper—"What do we care about artists, any way? Let's spend the afternoon talking ourselves,"—the long-suffering Chair tapped sharply.

"This meeting must be adjourned at once! Ladies, allow me to present to you Mr. Henri Mondaine, who, having just returned from five years' art study in Paris, will now give us his 'Impressions of Life in the Quartier Latin.'"

A small pallid man with sunken eyes and a lock of black hair hanging over one eyebrow, stood beside the stately President. His green velvet blouse, spotted, apparently with paint, and a green fez, with pendant white tassel, was the dress he probably wore when he was receiving the impressions.

Rows upon rows of admiring eyes gazed at the youth.

"This," whispered Mrs. Bright to her neighbor, "is the person who has forced the Amendment. He will get fifty dollars for this afternoon; if the Club won't vote it on the Amendment, it is guaranteed by private subscription—the first time in its history that the Hencluck has paid cash

to any artist!"

"But who is he? Why all this excitement over such an insignificant creature?" returned Mrs. Carew.

"Oh, he brought letters from Fanny Curtis who married that French viscomte and has been supporting him and his relatives ever since on a handsome allowance from Papa Curtis. This Mr.—Mondaine, is his name?—has set up a fashionable studio, and been to dinner at some good house, so he is a fad, and will not give his impressions except for actual dollars. The Hencluck would peril its reputation if the 'last thing from Paris' wasn't heard at its rooms—so! Oh, I've no patience with women!"

A thin voice began, "Chere Mesdames."

"Impertinent little wretch!" whispered Mrs. Bright.

"Chere Mesdames! I am about to lift you to the plane of Art Life. In this high sphere no conventional rules are known: for the development of the artist's soul, his manners must be free as air."

"Free," the manners of the Quartier Latin have always seemed to the outer Philistines; but Du Maurier himself would have quailed before the audacity of the "impressions" conveyed that afternoon to the Hencluck Club. Here and there some dignified matron flushed and restlessly rustled her satin or readjusted her furs; but the majority of members, quelled by the social prestige of the speaker, or shielded by American simplicity from his broad insinuations, hung upon his words as a true revelation of the life of an artist soul.

"Cheres Mesdames!" piped the falsetto tones. "Adieu! Let us try to bring this beautiful life of the Quartier Latin into this savage land. We may then rise to the high ideals of the French school."

"My dear," said Mrs. Bright, as the little man playfully kissed his hands to the applauding audience and retired, "my dear, I'm going home to pray in secret for the enlightenment of my sex, that they may learn the difference between good and evil; and also to avoid subscribing even one cent toward payment for such demoralizing trash as we have just listened to."

"Well, I'll go too," said Mrs. Carew, "for I'm told the next performers are from London, and I believe in protection of home talent—even in so far as an introduction at the Hencluck may remotely benefit a rising

artist;" but the miracle of sudden silence drew attention to the little dais.

There stole into this silence a sound so sweet, so faint, it seemed the echo of a dream. The restful, delicate air of a lullaby flowed from a violin. It was as soothing as was the presence of the beautiful woman whose rich, soft voice mingled with its notes. She stood, fair and tall, in a simple gown of deep blue silk, the folds caught by an antique silver girdle, and her pure tones floated through the audience like the pealing of mellow bells. The old song might have been heard a hundred times by every woman present, but now it held them spellbound. Beside the singer the violinist lovingly cuddled her instrument, her great black eyes dilating and contracting, as the cadences rose and fell, a dark flush coming and going on her face. The girl was glowingly handsome in her white dress, with just a hint of boldness in the keen glances with which she tried to estimate her audience: a marked contrast these two sisters; but they had in common a stern line of endurance about their young mouths which betrayed bitter experiences.

Still the music kept growing softer and softer, slowly dying, dying, dying, and when all sound was lost, many handkerchiefs were seeking entrance beneath close veils, ere tears and complexions should conflict, in the eternal disagreement of nature and art.

"Who are they," said Mrs. Carew, gulping down a sob, as she thought of the long winter nights last winter, when her little Gladys was getting over scarlet fever, and she had crooned that lullaby to soothe her weariness.

"Two English girls named Lennox," replied Mrs. Bright. "Their father is in prison for forgery. One of those cases of a rich man speculating in African mines, and losing conscience as well as common sense in the mad scramble. Mrs. Van Belton saw these girls at Lady Crafton's in their first season. Raving beauties they were, and tremendously run after. Just after their father's disgrace, she met the elder one in the street, and impulsively encouraged her to come to America. Friends provided the means to bring them, and Mrs. Van Belton has had them at one of her musical evenings, but she doesn't seem to feel any responsibility for their future."

"I should like them to sing and play at my At Home next week," said Mrs. Carew. "Why couldn't they give Maud and Elsie music lessons?"

but—" she reflected for a moment, then shook her head. "No, better not. The boys will soon be home for the Christmas vacation, and we all know how deadly susceptible Sophomores are. Pity these girls are so handsome! "I'll wait till later on, then, perhaps—."

"Well," said Mrs. Bright, "let's ask for their address, at any rate." But the girls had disappeared.

"Grace, this can't last."

Edith Lennex sat on her trunk in the little hall bedroom of a shabby lodging house, and shivered in the white gauze dress, which she had not yet taken off."

"We had only coffee and rolls for breakfast, nothing since but tea and cake at the Club, and here it is almost six o'clock. I was positively wolfish when the little man who read that odious paper passed me the macaroons! Grace, we've only two dollars left of the money we brought from England! Two dollars for rent and food, and no way of earning more. I *hate* women and their false promises. What has Mrs. Van Belton done, after getting us to this strange country?"

"Had us to sing and play at her big reception," interpolated Grace, "where the men stared us out of countenance, and the women said patronizingly, 'Come to my next afternoon. Some good people will be there; it will be an excellent introduction; after that you will be sure to get engagements.'"

"Yes," resumed Edith, "or, 'you must be heard at our Club; I'll arrange it. If you give satisfaction, your card of terms will be put in the Club room.' That's the end of it! Do we get any pay engagements, or any pupils? Not one! Meanwhile we are starving and freezing. Gracie—I've a great mind, to try for a place in one of these continuous performance theatres, if the worst comes! I can always dance, you know, and—" she jumped off the trunk, with an ecstatic twirl and kick at an imaginary tambourine, "I'd rather dance than do anything in the world, except—just now—eat!" and she subsided as hunger gnawed at her consciousness.

"Oh, Edith, never!" sobbed Grace. "Think of our disgrace." "If our father has stooped to dishonesty, so much the more must his children earn their bread honorably. Oh, why is there no help for girls thrown on

the world by no fault of their own? A variety theatre! Oh, father! father!"

"Grace," cried Edith sharply, "whatever happens, don't let tears spot the only dress you've got to sing in! Poor dear, you're faint from hunger. Let's go to that cheap place where we got the soup yeasterday. Come! you've still your splendid voice, and I have my violin, and"—in a whisper—"my legs!"

A rap at the door, and 'A gentleman to see Miss Lennox," said the landlady's sharp voice.

"Grace! put on this wrap, and tell the man you're just going to fill an engagement. Of course he's come to get you to sing somewhere. Let him see your blue gown; he'll think you're so rushed with work, you couldn't change it! Encourage that delusion, and for heaven's sake, don't be truthful!"

"I'll try not to!" said the elder sister as, half hysterical from discouragement and exhaustion, she hurried down the dark stairs.

In ten minutes Grace came slowly back, her golden head bowed, her cheeks crimson.

"Edith, look here!" She held out some money. "For your sake, darling! Because you are so brave, though cold and hungry. It burns in my hand. But for you I could not have taken it," and the set lips twitched with pride and shame.

"Fifty dollars! Oh, where did it come from?" Edith whispered as if she feared to wake from a blissful dream.

"Edith, that man was Mr. Mondaine, whom we heard this afternoon, and this is the money paid him by the Club. He says he's rich, and that we earned it by harder work than his. I took it. Yes! I—Grace Lennox—took money from a strange man!"

"Good little man!" chirped Edith, "I quite agree with him. Any one can read a paper; but to sing and play—"

"We must live," went on Grace. "We can't starve. But I'll scrub floors, I'll sell matches, I'll do anything to pay back this money!"

"Well, is that all?" said Edith, breaking in upon her sister's mental striving.

"And," replied Grace, "he said he'd come to-morrow and take us to

a friend of his, who has musical work which will just suit us!"

"Ah!" said Edith. "Now I'll confess! I felt sure Mr. Mondaine noticed the savage way I devoured those macaroons when he offered them, so I—I just told him it was hours since you and I had touched food, and weeks since we'd had a real dinner. I said you would die in speechless pride, but I would never trust in woman's help again, and meant to earn our bread at the very first thing I could find to do. And then," the girl hurried on, despite the stern protest in her sister's eyes, "he asked what had we been trained for? I said 'to be gentlewomen.' You know that's what our governesses told us. Then he laughed dryly and said you should do nothing but beautify the world with your presence and charm it with your voice." But I am just what a friend of his wants for some sort of theatricals to be given soon in an artist's studio. And," wound up Edith, with the desperation of one who has burned her bridges, "you know, Grace, our father and our own sex have deserted us, but man takes us up!"

It was near midnight in the Alhambra Roof Garden. The motley crowd of painters, actors, and the jeunesse doree, with their fair protegee; in pronounced styles of evening dress, and with suggestively blonde heads, sat at the tables sipping, smoking, and paying but perfunctory attention to the performances on the stage. But as the curtain rose for the last number on the programme there was a murmur of admiration at the scene disclosed: a Spanish garden, with pomegranates and palms, colored lanterns, and vine-covered arbors; senioritas and caballeros dallying with quaint guitars and mandolins, or drinking mescal, and puffing cigarettes within the shady green arbors. An apotheosis of enjoyment it seemed to the crude Americans who gazed up from their beer and claret, pipes and strong cigars. A mandolin band glided in, playing a dance, and followed by men and girls, who posed and sighed, and leaned seductively toward each other in the lovely moonlit garden.

Suddenly the music grew furiously gay. A dazzling form leaped upon the stage. A quivering, gleaming flash of black and golden skirts all entwined with flexible serpents, along whose sinuous bodies, glittered drops of sparkling metal—while out of the bewildering maze looked a boldly roguish face. The girl bounded, glided, kicked her tambourine, and tossing her heavy hair, laughed wildly. She was the incarnation of

La Tarantella. The pitiless calcium light chased her to and fro, illuminating every play of muscle, every glance of her audacious eyes. As she stopped—slowly sinking upon the stage, with outstretched arms, and great velvet eyes languorously straying over the crowd of people below—they sent up a great shout of homage to the Eternal Feminine.

In the manager's box champagne was being opened for the group of "sports" who occupied it, as, after leaving the stage, the dancer, pulling aside the portiers, stepped in. In front of the box—hair and neck glittering with diamonds, her low-cut and vividly gown throwing out her fair skin—evidently enjoying to the full her "night off," sat Grace Lennox, the reigning queen of opera bouffe. A hard smile crossed her lips as a little dark man laid his hand familiarly on the dancer's shoulders, and cried, "Hello, Edith, you were in great form to-night!"

The Hencluck Club was about to adjourn for the Christmas holidays. "Ladies," said the dignified Chair, in her concluding speech, "I trust that henceforth the Entertainment Committee will be more careful as to the professional talent they present on our social afternoons. I must call the attention of our club to the fact—deplorable indeed!—that two young women, who had the honor of entertaining the Henclucks last season, are now identified with very questionable entertainments in this city. In fact, one—so my husband informs me—was last summer the sensation of a roof garden, and was paid an enormous salary!"



It has become noticeable of late how little women are taking the place of their larger sisters in all the new extravaganzas. Ten years ago the statuesque beauties held full sway in the ballet and the choruses, but now the petite woman is in full favor. It seems to be an excellent change for little women are much more graceful nine times out of ten.

Dramas, Dramatists and Dramatics.

The people of the American metropolis have been exceedingly fortunate during the past month in having the finest productions, the best players that are known to the dramatic world appearing at their playhouses. True, we have missed that irresistible DeWolff Hopper and his most excellent company, also Nat C. Goodwin and his beautiful wife, Maxine Elliott, whom we have loaned to our British Cousins for the seasons of 1899 and 1900, but in return we shall shortly have with us Sir Henry Irving and his aggregation of stars, including Miss Ellen Terry and Robert Tabor, as Sir Henry's chief support. Miss Olga Nethersole, who is to give us Sapho and her general repertoire, including Carmen and that famous kiss; so it can be readily seen that we have been decidedly the most fortunate in this exchange. One of the most successful productions of this year has been Mr. Henry Miller in "The Only Way." This drama is a dramatization of Dickens' famous book, "A Tale of Two Cities." The story is an old one but oh, how beautifully reproduced. The profligate, Sidney Carton, a young lawyer whose only God is Bacchus, is stirred to noble deeds by a love of a woman, one Lucile Manette, who loves (unfortunately for Carton) a certain Marquis DeEveremond, a French exile living in London. DeEveremond is inveigled back to France by a decoy letter from his agent, who claims that his life is threatened by the French revolutionists and begging DeEveremond to come to his rescue, this note is brought by one LaFarge, whose sister was ruined and brother killed by DeEveremond's father. When DeEveremond reaches France he is thrust into the Bastille, and when brought to trial is defended by Sidney Carton. This is unquestionably the strongest act. The trial scene, the judges, the jury, the people singing the Marsellaise, and as each aristocrat is placed in the dock the demands of this motley crowd is for the head of the poor unfortunate devil, for as they termed it, one more head for the little barber, meaning the Guillotine. New York has never seen a more dramatic scene; when it seems certain of Everemond's conviction, the people demanding of the jury his head, Sidney Carton enters the court room. Walking over to the woman he loves, assures her that he will do his best to save the life of him whom she loves. By his oratory, by cajoling the jury, by clever replies to the people he at once wins over the ones that but a few moments before had been demanding the head of Everemond, but who were now willing for his acquittal. The jury announces "not guilty" when LaFarge enters, and by telling the wrongs that he had suffered by the actions of Everemond's father secures a reversal of the verdict and Everemond is condemned to death by the Guillotine; Carton succeeds in getting into

the cell of Everemond, and by the use of a drug and money succeeds in having Everemond taken away to the Manettes, while he takes his place, and the next morning goes to his death so that the woman he loves can have the man she loves.

The play is beautifully staged. Henry Miller never gave a more finished bit of acting than in "The Only Way," in the first act particularly, when after winning a case at court, he is indulging in port wine freely, he walks over to the looking glass and says, "Sidney Carton, is it too late to mend your ways and win the little girl you love, be a man," and then walking over to the buffet he takes a bottle of wine, filling a glass he mutters, "Women are good, liquor is better, and death is best of all." Sidney Carton's self sacrifice in giving his life so that the woman he loves may be happy stirs his audience to great enthusiasm. Mr. Miller's support is excellent. Edward J. Morgan, Mr. Stoddard and Miss Anglin playing the leading parts in capital style.

Manager Dingwall promises a treat to the theatre-going public in the new play at the Broadway, "More Than Queen," introducing Miss Julia Arthur in the leading role. Miss Arthur is to-day one of the greatest actresses on the American stage, and one should not fail to see her in the new production.

Mr. Edward Price, the manager of the Manhattan theatre is one of the most popular men in the theatrical profession to-day, and it is to no small degree to his enterprise, that the Manhattan theatre has been such a financial success for the proprietors, Messrs. Brady and Ziegfeld.

Mr. Brady has secured control of Koster & Bials and with his usual hustling abilities is making things hum around Thirty-fourth street. Mr. Brady promises to make his new house as popular as any place in town, and any one knowing him believes he will succeed.

"A Stranger in a Strange Land" at the Manhattan. It steadfastly strengthens its grip upon the good will of the public. It is drawing very large audiences, in which may nightly be found people of local and national distinction, and its funny, if improbable, complications provoke roars of laughter. The adventures of a real American Indian, and his English imitators, throwing an aristocratic London household into a chaos of confusion are delightfully absurd and there is not a line or a situation that offends. Cyril Scott's light and graceful performance of a touch-and-go part, and George Osbourne's wonderful character study of the Indians are forfeited by the excellent all round acting of a cast, including James O. Barrows, Walter Hale, Walter Clifford, J. T. Galloway, Maud White, Kate Lester, Katherine Mulkins, Angela McCaull and Jane Corcoran.

JAMES K. BERTRAM.



DEWEY DAYS' DECORATIONS,

Staten Island did her share in honoring Admiral George Dewey on his return from Manila by decorating not alone the places of business, but private residences as well, showed that the people of the Borough of Richmond fully realized the importance of the occasion by putting on its best dress to welcome that hero of heroes.

The most artistically dressed window was that of Staten Island's prince of auctioneers, Daniel T. Cornell, at 38 Water Street, Stapleton. Any one knowing Mr. Cornell appreciates that but few possess as much patriotism as does our ex-Assemblyman, and he did justice to the occasion as the accompanying photograph will show. Unfortunately Mr. Cornell is not in the picture, but it shows that Mr. William Schutzendorf and popular William Haley stand there ready for business as usual.

❀ ❀ ❀ THREE LETTERS. ❀ ❀ ❀

There are three of them, and for months I have been wondering which I should take—wondering and trying to decide. Now their three letters have come together.

The first is a man rich in the world's goods, smiled upon by society; but he is too old, and nature has not been kind to him. He is pleasant, entertaining, witty, yet always repulsive to me; why, I cannot tell, but the repulsion is there. His letter is short and businesslike. Can I choose him? Would it be right, just to myself or to him? Oh, to go through the long, strong life before me with this man whose presence I can scarcely endure! He can give me riches, everything of which I now so keenly feel the need. Yet, can I? Can I perjure my soul and sell my self for a few years of luxury? Mine must be a poor heart to feel the temptation for a moment! I put the letter aside with something like indignation.

The next? I feel my heart warm as I take it up. The writer is a boy, little older than myself, but such a dear, pleasant boy! I do love him in a motherly, pitying sort of way; for while he has wealth and everything that money can buy, he is already in the early stages of consumption, and has but a few years to live. His letter is little more than a despairing note. He does not want my pity but my love. Ah, Frank, I'm sorry, so sorry, dear—but how can I you that when it was long ago given to some one else? The tears will come to my eyes as I take up the last of my letters with a glad heart throb.

Harry—oh my life! Alas! It is only a short, friendly note, telling me of his engagement to a girl away there in the West, and asking for my good wishes. I have always been his truest, best friend, he says; have always helped him by my confidence. Alice, too, appreciates my kindness, and wants me to be the very first to know of their new and great happiness.

Good wishes? Ah, yes—my best. It is hard—but only one more sorrow—one more regret! Alas, that so much love should be given in vain! I look at my three letters—each one of which might have brought joy to some other woman; then I put them carefully aside and with a sigh I turn away to take up my lonely, plodding life again.—*Mabel Margaret Thomson.*

FANCIES AND FASHIONS OF WOMEN.

Black underwear is again the rage in Paris, both china silk and silk muslin being the materials used.

The latest designs in this sombre lingerie, samples of which have just been received in this city, are plain in cut and trimmed sparingly with black lace. There must be no attempt at elaborative decoration. The beauty of the garment must depend entirely upon the exquisite quality of the material.

Sheer black silk muslin is more popular than china silk. It is soft, graceful and daintier in appearance. The lace is narrow and of delicate pattern. Simplicity is the keynote of this underwear. It is nun-like in its plainness as well as its sober hue. The fluffy ruffles and innumerable yards of lace so long a feature of white underwear have disappeared. There is no ribbon used, not a touch of color anywhere. The frills and furbelows that delight the feminine soul are considered too frivolous for black lingerie.

In a fashionable trossseau recently brought over the mode was varied by the introduction of cream white lace, which made an effective trimming. There was also an occasional knot of white satin ribbon.

These white-trimmed garments, which were made of black silk muslin of beautiful texture, were exceedingly dainty and more pleasing to fastidious women than the all-black underwear.

Several years ago American women, in response to a decree from the gay French capital, laid aside their pretty white things and donned these mourning outfits.

Some ultra-fashionables even went so far as to have black silk sheets and pillow cases. But this fashion enjoyed but a brief popularity.

Now it is revived again, and this time it has met with more favor than on its first appearance.

That it will be the fad of the season is evident, for the world of fashion has already set the seal of approval upon it.

FANCIES AND FASHIONS OF WOMEN.

Automobile red, which is a pretty, rich shade of garnet, is a fashionable color for cloth gowns, and if it is dotted over with small squares or polka spots of velvet in black or of the same color, then it is promptly stamped as new.

Apropos of belts is the fact that many of the pretty French gowns round down at the waist line in front, or rather the belt drops a little to give the graceful dip. This accentuates the effect of the straight line, from the neck to the hem of the gown, which is now fashionable.

Wide silk gauze scarves to wear about the neck, and to throw over the shoulders with evening dress, are shown in great variety in the shops. There are some with wide Persian colored borders on the ends, others with knotted silk fringe or frills of ribbon for a finish, but all the dainty light colors are represented.

Small suede leather bags in gray and tan, with silver gilt and steel mountings, are permissible for woman to carry in the street. They are round at the bottom, and only just large enough to hold a handkerchief, some change and possibly some little trifle; but they are a great convenience all the same. The close-fitting skirts with no pockets have precipitated these, no doubt.

The species of necktie, easily copied by amateur fingers, is nothing more than a three-inch-wide length of crisp colored taffeta, hemmed by machine on both edges, cut in arrowhead points at either end and there garnished by three to five rows of closely set and gathered bebe ribbon of white or mixed colors. The newest four-in-hand is also wrought from taffeta; the portion about the collar is tucked or corded into stiffness, while the ends that flow from the small knot are abnormally large, and while the tie proper is of crisp taffeta in one tone, it must be edged all about with a narrow Paisley patterned ribbon or a border of half-inch wide floss fringe.

 A REVERIE.

HASTINGS—DE VERE—Dec. 29, by the Rev. Henry Abbot, Charles Langdon Hastings to Ethel De Vere, daughter of the late Morgan De Vere.

As I read the above in the *Post*, I could hardly suppress an involuntary start. So it was all over, then! Ethel De Vere was married at last.

I had seen a good deal of her since we met at the Junior Prom., way back in '88. She was only seventeen then, and barely out, but she somehow made a decided impression upon me, which proved to be more lasting than most of the impressions which college youths receive during the course of their education. I immediately proceeded to cultivate her brother, a good little fellow in the sophomore class, who, you may be sure, responded gratefully to the advances of a junior. Well, through him I soon grew to know well, and for the next three years I was never really happy out of her sight. Almost from the first, I think, it was tacitly understood between us that we should some day marry, although no word of love had as yet passed my lips.

Well, to cut a long story short, in the course of time we became formally engaged, and, having waited so long, we set an early date for the event. That time seems years ago, and why the reading of that marriage notice should have set me to musing on the past I do not know. I cannot help thinking of what might have been. I conjure up a vision of handsome bachelor apartments, a horse and road wagon, goods dinners at the club—all of which could be had more readily than even a moderate home with a wife; no one to say, "Come home early," freedom to admire any woman one pleased, and the general independence that is the oftentimes unappreciated joy of unmarried men——

But stop! All this is gone forever now, and even to think about it seems more or less criminal in a man who has been but two days wed. and who is reading his own marriage notice in the morning paper.—*George Thorne Hill, Jr.*

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

Most women's feet look better when you can't see them.
Trumps are always kisses. When in doubt, lead kisses.
Beauty is woman's capital and man's capital is woman.
When Eve tempted Adam she probably had tears in her eyes.

The less men think of women the more they talk about themselves.

It most always happens in real life that the under dog is on top of another littler one.

A "deathless joy" is probably nearly as scarce as a kissless girl.

The presence of good women in the world is the surest proof that God made it.

Love without jealousy is like a fruit cake without any raisins in it.

No woman is near as easy to shock when she has got her shoes off.

There probably never was a woman who believed in woman's rights whose hair curled naturally.

If you could demonstrate love mathematically, only about half as many people would believe in it.

The honeymoon is considered over when the woman finds her husband has used a lot of her hairpins to clean out his pipe.

If a man was as much of a devil as he tries to make his wife think he is, he would never dare go out of the front door without getting shot at.

A woman will go downtown and stay all day with a shirt waist on with nothing over it and then act awfully insulted if a man takes off his coat in the restaurant and eats in his shirt sleeves.—*From the New York Press.*

THE RICHMOND MAGAZINE.

E. BERTRAM SANBORN,

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

Annual Subscription, One Dollar.

The ticket named by the Democratic party is one that the people having the best interests of Staten Island at heart can vote with perfect safety. Each of the candidates are men who have been tried, and, never found wanting, men that will make excellent public officials.

The reception given to Admiral George Dewey upon his arrival in New York must have made that hero's heart palpitate with joy at the appreciation shown by the American people for the work that was done by him and his men at Manilla. Admiral Dewey can have anything that is in the power of a grateful people to give, and (please remember) that that includes the Presidency of the United States.

The new building code, recently accepted by the Mayor and Municipal Assembly, is appreciated by all those who have the best interest of building in mind. The commission that formed the new rules deserves the thanks of every builder and architect, as well as the people. Staten Island was represented on the building code commission by the Hon. Daniel Campbell, Commissioner of Buildings for the Boroughs of Queens and Richmond, who took no small part in the forming of the new code.

Never before has such good feeling been shown by both sides as during the present contest. Sir Thomas Lipton endeared himself to the American people by his sportsman-like conduct. He was treated most courteously by the Press, and was voted a royal good fellow by all who he came in contact. Many would have been glad to see him win at least one of the races, but his boat did not compare with the American yacht in any respect. It merely goes to prove more conclusively than ever, that the American people have no equals as builders of speedy yachts, and that the title of that old song "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean" can be appropriately quoted as well befitting the occasion.

The international yacht race is over with the Columbia a winner of three races, and the Shamrock nowhere.

The fight that is being made by the Hon. Nicholas Muller for the city to own the franchise of the ferry between Staten Island and the Borough of Manhattan, deserves the support of every citizen having the good of this Island at heart.

The admirable manner in which the Tax Department has been conducted, reflects much credit upon Deputy Commissioner of Taxes Matthew S. Tully, his chief assistant Mr. Frank Davis and their corps of aides, who have done everything in their power to accommodate the taxpayers of Borough of Richmond.

The following are some of the estimates of the majority that the Democratic ticket will have this fall was given to the representative of THE RICHMOND MAZAZINE one evening last week by the following gentlemen : D. T. Cornell, 2,200; Joseph F. O'Grady, 2,100; Augustus Acker, 1,900; M. S. Tully, 1,800; John L. Dobson, 1,700; Benjamin J. Bodine, 1,500; George Metcalfe, 1,400.

❧ SCHOOL NOTES ❧

Dean Russell was present and explained the extension work of the Teachers' College.

Peter J. Kiernan, the popular Chief Clerk of the School Board, who has been ill for some time, is now on the road to recovery, which his many friends will be glad to learn.

I am assured by a member of the Board of Education that Gerald J. Lynam will shortly be transferred back to his old school at Rosebank. This would indeed be a popular move on the part of the School Commissioners as Mr. Lynam is a great favorite in Southfield.

A special meeting was held on Tuesday evening, October 17. Two classes were formed in extension courses with the Teachers' College of Columbia University, one in Principles of Education, with Dr. Germann, as lecturer, and the other in English, with Prof. Abbott, as instructor.

The Teachers' Association of the Borough of Richmond, held its annual meeting at Public School No. 14, on Tuesday evening, September 26. There was a large attendance of members. The business of the meeting was the election of officers, and the selection of professional work for the new school year. The following officers were elected: President, Principal John J. Driscoll, of Public School No. 16; Vice-President, Miss R. M. Ludlum, of Public School No. 14; Secretary, Principal T. F. Donovan, Public School No. 18.



The staff of Staten Island's leading paper, The Staten Islander, including those popular owners, J. Judson Worrell and M. J. Kane.

Regular Democratic and Republican
Nomination,
FOR COUNTY JUDGE,
Stephen D. Stephens,
OF CASTLETON.



∴ Regular Democratic Nomination ∴

For Alderman,
John J. Vaughan, Jr.,
OF WESTFIELD.

... Regular Democratic Nomination ...



FOR MEMBER OF ASSEMBLY,

George Metcalfe

OF SOUTHFIELD.



A native Staten Islander, and one who has
Richmond County's interest at heart.

.. Regular Democratic Nomination ..

FOR JUSTICE,

Second Municipal Court District,

Borough of Richmond,

George W. Stake, Jr.

OF MIDDLETOWN.



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Wilshaw,
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and Builder.**

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ROSEBANK.

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➤ Market.

Jas. R. Halliday,

St. Mary's Avenue,

Rosebank.

Regular Democratic Nomination,
For Member of Assembly,
GEORGE METCALFE,
OF SOUTHFIELD.

Regular Democratic Nomination,
For County Clerk,
Edward M. Muller,
OF CASTLETON.

Regular Democratic Nomination,
FOR JUSTICE,
First Municipal Court District, Borough of Richmond,
John J. Kenney,
OF CASTLETON.

Regular Democratic Nomination,
FOR JUSTICE,
Second Municipal Court District, Borough of Richmond,
GEORGE W. STAKE, Jr.,
OF MIDDLETOWN.

Regular Democratic and Republican Nomination,
For County Judge,
STEPHEN D. STEPHENS,
OF CASTLETON.

Regular Democratic Nomination,
For Alderman,
JOHN J. VAUGHAN, Jr.,
OF WESTFIELD.

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